no Phidias to refer to; but, he had sometimes that within him which could animate any form and breathe life into the hardest stone; and sometimes, as here, he could do more,—he could clothe with form and grace the living spirit.

Now let him turn to the carving of the foliage between the windows of the south transept, ruinous as it is, but still happily not scraped and touched up, as in the opposite transept, and see how that is done: he will wonder how it is that it has not all been destroyed long ago, not by the soldiers of Cromwell, but by the restorers. Being there, let him wander through the desecrated place—through the dirty chapels—pass the scrubbed monuments, interesting to the visitor for the familiar name on each, but for no other—for the gift of the third Edward, worthy of a Greek chisel, is passed by unheeded, to stare at the new monument to Southey. Let him wander into the chapel of Henry VII. and examine the carving on the stalls: he will find it endless: every stall, every panel, is different: all are covered with the most elaborate carving, each panel a new idea: neither skill, pains, nor time has been wanting to their production: they are the work of the *mind* as well as the hand; and let him not forget to look up at the endless tracery of the vaulted roof above: this beautiful chapel might indeed have been chiselled by the hands of fairies.

Now let him go to the Palace of Westminster,—by the same able hand as the Bridgewater Palace, assisted by another mind no less able: no want of design will be found: no part left to an office clerk: all, every line, has passed under the eye of the architect. He will not find a panel stolen from St. George's, Cambridge, put by the side of a window from York Minster: all is from the same mind, and is one from base to finial. Well, let him look at all the carving: let him look at the figures: they are all alike,—all brothers and sisters, but all dead; not a spark of life in a single form. He will soon get sick of this after the living dust of Aymer de Valence. Let him turn to the flowers, the leaves, the heraldic shields, the crockets, the finials: let him leave the place,—no, not leave it before he has descended into the crypt of the lost St. Stephen's. Let him there listen with wonder to the echo of his own footsteps: let him look round and see its fine proportions, its masterly detail, and then let him look at the carving of the bosses: he will see, in spite of age, ruin, and the hand of the destroyer, the lizard in the centre boss still creeping among the leaves, and he will see, too, what can be seen only in places of bygone centuries such as these, the full, deep, enduring colours to be given only by the hand of time. He will then search in wonder for the chapel of St. Stephen.

All this equally applies to iron and brass work. Compare the workmanship of the brass gates in Henry the Seventh's Chapel with those in the House of Lords. It applies, also, to all works in clay, such as tiles: compare the colour of the best of modern tiles with those in the Chapter House at Salisbury; but perhaps it is best seen in painted glass. Now, of all the works of the dark ages that are left to us, I think the painted glass the most wonderful: indeed, the older it is, the finer, and deeper, and more glorious in colour. The windows in the clerestory at Canterbury Cathedral seem rather to emit the light coming to the eye than to transmit it. The drawing of the figures is rude enough, and the composition may be unlearned, but not so the colours. Each of the colours, as the ruby, seems as deep, and rich, and vivid, as the marvellous stone from which its name is borrowed. If the whole of the interior of the archiepiscopal church, in the dark ages, harmonised with these matchless windows, we have good reason to regret, as far as art is concerned, the coming of more enlightened times. When will the lost palette of the old painters be found?

To descend, to go to other buildings, will be needless: enough has been said to convince any one of the want of art-workmen, as any one can make the comparison for himself; and I feel quite sure that the more he sees, and the more deeply he goes into the subject, the more fully will he be convinced of the great want of the art-workman.

Various means have been suggested, and some tried, for, as it is called, "*educating the eye of the workman*" by lectures, by books, and by teaching him mechanically to draw: all these have been failures. Lectures must fail, because the mind of the workman is usually unprepared for their reception, and because, however numerous they may be, and however able, he cannot follow them up so as to retain them in his memory: he hears a very able lecture, and perhaps remembers some striking part—probably some illustration—but of the principles which the lecturer would wish most fully to inculcate, he remembers nothing,—and, if he did, he could not apply them: he comes to the subject, whatever it may be, in profound ignorance, not of it only, but of all other collateral branches of knowledge. Giving a number of lectures to a working man, on sculpture, for instance, is a different thing from delivering them to an academy student: the workman comes to them profoundly ignorant of everything but his own handicraft,—while the student, although needing to be taught, comes to them with a practised mind and cultivated ear. It is, I believe, from thus confounding together the student and the working man, that nearly all have failed who have come forward to help him. Nothing can be more unlike than the two cases.

A school such as I propose would, I believe, be attended with not a few advantages, even in a moral point of view. Thus, suppose we meet a workman, and he be induced to attend such a school regularly, all the knowledge he has he brings with him to bear upon the task of teaching himself. He comes to the school, and the first thing he is set to do would be to carve in stone, in his most careful manner, some simple object, such as a leaf or flower from some good model: when done, it would be the duty of the teacher to point out to him in what respect he had been successful, and where he had failed. This would at once interest the intelligent workman: he would say, "I see now what I never saw before. I'm afraid of the stone, or I'm too clumsy, or I'm in too great a hurry: I'll try again, and correct, at least, one defect." He begins again, and carves another leaf or flower, bearing in mind what has been told him,—a comparatively easy task, for he has *seen* his shortcoming, as well as *heard* of it; and when this second task is completed, the teacher would again point out to him how nearly he had come up to his model: its merits would be shown to him, and, in proportion to his advancement, the *principles* upon which it was originally produced would be explained; and in this way he would be likely to retain them in his memory,—at least, he would strive to do so, as he would soon discover how much easier and more delightful his labour was by keeping them constantly before him. He would thus gradually, and almost without his being aware of it, come to understand the great principle upon which art is based,—a thing he could never learn from lectures or books: we must teach the workman *through his hand, and so reach his mind*. In the workman the hand is the instrument, the head guiding it: in the artist the mind is the instrument, and the hand follows it; and there is between them all the difference, although to many who cannot split the hair, they may seem the same.

I cannot but think that in an institution of this kind all of us must, of necessity, feel an interest.

To the workman himself, as having for its object the improvement of his mind, to make his labour more valuable, and, through it, his pay better, and to educate his eye, and refine his taste, in the only way in which that can be done.

To his employer, the manufacturer, it must be especially a subject of great interest, as it is through the skill of his workmen that he lives, and the more skilful they are made, the greater his profits,—and what, perhaps, is more, the growing taste of the public for art will, in time, compel it; for the design of the artist, however fine it may be, is lost without efficient and skilled workmen to carry it out, as I have endeavoured to show.

To the architect, again, it must be a subject of far more than ordinary interest,—indeed, to him, it must be, of all things, the most interesting; as, whatever his design, in whatever style, and whether good or bad, the able and artistic rendering of the decorative parts must always be of the very first importance, for if the design be indifferent, the able carving will improve it, and if it be good, it will make it better; but, be it ever so fine, as we have seen, the unskilful working of it out will mar it, and, in a measure, destroy its beauty.

And to the public generally, especially to those of them who take an interest in the fine arts, it must be a subject of interest, as that which chiefly takes their attention in a work of art is the decorative portion of it; and, besides this, they must always feel gratified at any effort made—as all promising to be successful—to improve the condition of the working classes; and such schools would, I believe, more than any other plan of education yet tried, have that tendency.

There is one other reason, which will, without doubt, have its weight with its higher members, and must interest them in it: it is the rank England should hold with respect to other nations, and especially her colonies, in the fine arts. England has produced—and has good reason to hold their memories in cherished remembrance—painters, sculptors, and architects, second to none: of Reynolds, Chantrey, and Inigo Jones, any country would have reason to be proud, and she has some now worthy to be ranked with them: she has, however, only followed other countries in this: she cannot be said to have led. Her original minds have led the way, in poetry, in science, and in fiction, but not in art: in it they have followed,—worthily followed. Let her, then, lead the way in showing the nations how well she can appreciate what they have done, and how well she can follow them: but, let her show them, that not only do her higher minds see and enjoy the loveliness of art, but her whole people.

Let her colleges and academies afford aid to the artist worthy of him, and let her be the first to found schools for the education in art of her working men. This leading of other nations is a noble away, and far higher and more enduring than the ruling them by force: from force they will in time free themselves, as they advance, but from a debt of gratitude they never can. "England," says Mr. Cobden, "is, of all countries, the best placed for being the world's *mart*," and so she is for being the world's *example*. She should not be the guard-house—as some would wish to make her—but the lighthouse of the world.

And such will she be, if her higher minds be true.

C. B. A.

A PROPOSED NEW ENTRANCE TO HYDE-PARK.

THE Parks of this metropolis, forming one of its leading features, call forth the admiration of all foreign visitors from their picturesque beauty. They lose much of their grandeur, however, from the want of effect in their approaches and entrances. Those which claim superiority from their architectural details are unfortunately the worst placed, as they have only lateral approaches, and no direct road facing them. This subject is more successfully carried out on the continent. *The Victoria Gate*, opening on to the Bayswater-road from Hyde-park, being the only carriage entrance available to the inhabitants of the important neighbourhood it adjoins, is altogether unworthy of its *name* and unsuitable for its purpose. There is no direct road leading to it on either side; and from its fronting on the line of road with a sudden fall on the outside, carriages on going out are liable to accident from the constant traffic on that line of road, and the turning at Stanhope-terrace is equally inconvenient.

We have recently seen a design by Mr. Alfred Beaumont (whose suggestion for the improvement of St. James's-park we illustrated some time ago), to obviate these objections by

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